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AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.

A COMEDIETTA,
IN ONE ACT.

By JOHN MADDISON MORTON,

AUTHOR OF

*Box and Car," "Woodcock's Little Game," "Atchi," "The
Midnight Watch," "Which of the Two," "Slasher and
Crasher," "First Come First Served," etc., etc.*

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| | M. | F. | | M. | F. |
|--|----|----|--|----|----|
| 141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce 1 act..... | 3 | 1 | 124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch..... | 2 | |
| 73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5 | | | 111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act..... | 6 | 1 |
| 107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene..... | 6 | 2 | 139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5 | 2 | 2 |
| 113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes..... | 7 | | 50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes..... | 6 | |
| 133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3 | 1 | | 64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene..... | 4 | 1 |
| 43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes... 7 | 1 | | 95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene..... | 11 | |
| 42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2 | 1 | | 67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6 | | |
| 79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act..... | 1 | 2 | 4. Eh? What is it? sketch..... | 4 | 1 |
| 40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | | 136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6 | 1 | |
| 6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece..... | 4 | | 98. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4 | 1 | |
| 10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene... 3 | | | 52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene..... | 10 | 1 |
| 11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4 | 1 | | 25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 |
| 146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 | 88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act 4 | 2 | |
| 110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality..... | 4 | 2 | 51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene. 2 | | |
| 126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce... 4 | 2 | | 152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch..... | 6 | |
| 127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3 | 1 | | 106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes... 8 | 1 | |
| 128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 | 83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2 | 2 | |
| 120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 1 | 77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes... 5 | 2 | | 17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act..... | 2 | |
| 89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene..... | 4 | | 58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4 | | |
| 24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2 | | | 31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes... 3 | | |
| 108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch... 2 | 2 | | 20. Going for the Cup, interlude..... | 4 | |
| 148. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act..... | 6 | 2 | 82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene. 3 | | |
| 35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | | 130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | |
| 112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 1 | 86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 8 | 1 | 70. Guide to the Stage, sketch..... | 3 | |
| 144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc. 4 | 1 | | 61. Happy Couple, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 |
| 140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene... 5 | 1 | | 142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene... 1 | 1 | |
| 12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene... 3 | | | 23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene. 5 | 1 | |
| 53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 5 | 1 | | 118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act..... | 6 | |
| 63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3 | 1 | | 3. Hemmed In, sketch..... | 3 | 1 |
| 131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | 1 | 48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6 | | |
| | | | 68. Hippotheatron, sketch..... | 9 | |
| | | | 150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene 6 | | |
| | | | 71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | |
| | | | 123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 |

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CHARACTERS.

MAJOR PELICAN,
DOCTOR VICESSIMUS PRETTYWELL,
JOSEPH, a servant,

MRS. PELICAN,
MRS. MAJOR PELICAN,
FANNY.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—THIRTY MINUTES.

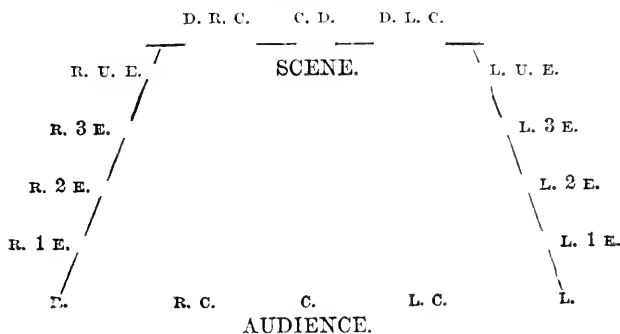
SCENE.

MAJOR PELICAN'S Villa in St. John's Wood. A handsomely-furnished apartment.
Doors c. and R. and L. A window R. at back.

COSTUMES—Modern.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



| | |
|----------|------------------------|
| C. | Centre. |
| R. | Right. |
| R. C. | Right Centre. |
| R. 1 E. | Right First Entrance. |
| R. 2 E. | Right Second Entrance. |
| R. 3 E. | Right Third Entrance. |
| R. U. E. | Right Upper Entrance. |
| D. R. C. | Door Right Centre. |

| | |
|----------|-----------------------|
| L. | Left. |
| L. C. | Left Centre. |
| L. 1 E. | Left First Entrance. |
| L. 2 E. | Left Second Entrance. |
| L. 3 E. | Left Third Entrance. |
| L. U. E. | Left Upper Entrance. |
| C. D. | Centre Door. |
| D. L. C. | Door Left Centre. |

AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.

SCENE.—MAJOR PELICAN'S *Villa in St. John's Wood. A handsomely-furnished apartment. Doors c., R., and L.; window at back, R.C.*

JOSEPH *discovered lounging in an easy chair, his legs upon another, a newspaper in his hand.*

JOSEPH. Now then for a squint at the Sporting Intelligence. See if I can't pick out a likely one for the Great Cricklewood Handicap. (*bell rings at L.*) Of course! No indulging in literary pursuits in this house! That's the young Missus's bell, and she can't bear being kept waiting. Well, I suppose it's only natural for young people to be impatient. (*getting up and going toward L.; bell at R. is heard to ring*) Now the old lady's at it, and she's always in a hurry, she is. Well, I suppose old people can't afford to wait. (*going toward R. D.; bell at L. rings again, then bell at R.; then both bells are rung violently. JOSEPH running backwards and forwards.*)

Enter MAJOR PELICAN, C.

MAJOR. Well, Joseph, don't you hear the bell?

JOSEPH. I hear two of them, sir.

MAJOR. Then why don't you go?

JOSEPH. I don't know which way to go, sir. I can't answer both bells at once, sir! (*both bells are heard to ring again.*)

Enter DOCTOR PRETTYWELL, C.

JOSEPH (*to MAJOR*). What am I to do, sir?

DOCTOR (*coming down*). Do what you are doing now.

JOSEPH. I ain't doing nothing, sir.

DOCTOR. Then keep doing nothing. It's about the best thing you can do.

JOSEPH. But I shall catch it from both my missuses, sir.

DOCTOR. At first perhaps you will; but when they find they've both fared alike, they'll each feel secretly flattered by the inattention you show to the other. Go to your work.

JOSEPH. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, C.*

DOCTOR. Well, friend Jeremiah?

MAJOR. Well, friend Vicessimus?

DOCTOR. I seem to have dropped in at rather an unlucky moment; but, frankly, if I were to wait till your domestic barometer pointed to "calm and settled" weather, I'm afraid my visits wouldn't be very frequent.

MAJOR. True, my dear doctor.

DOCTOR. I don't know how you manage it, but you generally contrive to have a thunderstorm, more or less violent, rumbling over this house of yours.

MAJOR. True again, and I'll tell you why. Because this "house of mine," as you call it, is constantly exposed to two discordant elements from opposite directions, but invariably coming into contact and exploding here.

DOCTOR. I don't exactly understand.

MAJOR. It's very simple. Living here with my mother and my wife, who both claim to be "monarch of all they survey," I, the master of the house—

DOCTOR. Find yourself cutting rather a contemptible figure, eh?

MAJOR. Very much so. It would be easy enough to do as Georgiana wishes, or my mother, but to do as they both wish, is impossible, for the simple reason that no two women ever wish the same thing; consequently the result is anger on one side, sulky looks on the other; one invokes her title of "mother," the other her privileges as "wife;" consequently between the two—

DOCTOR. You come in for more kicks than halfpence?

MAJOR. Considerably more. In fact, all kicks.

DOCTOR. And yet I don't know a more charming, amiable person than your excellent mother. I've known and admired her for more than thirty years: in fact, had it depended on me, I might very possibly have been your father.

MAJOR. Thank you. But I'm very well satisfied as I am; besides, the thing couldn't be done now.

DOCTOR. Not conveniently. However, she preferred marrying the "author of your being," so there was an end of my romance. But to return to these unfortunate domestic quarrels: from what I know of your mother, I'm convinced the fault lies with your wife.

MAJOR. And from what I know of my wife, I'm certain it lies with my mother.

DOCTOR. Then, my good friend, why not at once put an end to these personal and conjugal troubles of yours?

MAJOR. How?

DOCTOR. Simply this: Appoint one of the two contending parties—no matter which—to the sole control of your domestic affairs: support her authority through thick and thin; give her credit for always being right, even when she's wrong, and the thing's done.

MAJOR. A very good plan, I dare say, but unluckily it's impracticable.

DOCTOR. Why?

MAJOR. Because it would require a considerable amount of pluck to carry it out, and I haven't got an atom.

DOCTOR. Nonsense! You've only to show a proper spirit.

MAJOR. How can I do that, when I haven't any spirit at all?

DOCTOR. Pshaw! Recollect, Nero was a perfect lamb at starting, and yet he fiddled when Rome was burning.

MAJOR. But I'm not a Nero. Besides, I haven't got a fiddle, and I couldn't fiddle if I had.

MRS. PELICAN { (together, from rooms R. and L.). Joseph! Joseph!

MRS. MAJOR }

DOCTOR. Here they both come! Do as I tell you, pluck up a proper spirit. In the mean time I'll beat a retreat. (*runs out, c*)

MAJOR (*shouting after him*). Coward! to leave me alone to the mercy of two exasperated females.

Enter Mrs. PELICAN, hurriedly, R.

MRS. P. This is perfectly intolerable!

Enter Mrs. MAJOR, hurriedly, L.

MRS. M. It's absolutely unbearable!

MRS. P. To take no notice of my bell!

MRS. M. What's the use of my ringing?

MRS. P. Oh! here you are, son Jeremiah.

MAJOR. Yes, my dear mother, (*aside*) and I devoutly wish I was anywhere else.

MRS. P. (*turning him round towards her*). I appeal to you to see that my authority in this house is respected.

MAJOR (*with pretended surprise*). What! has any one dared—

MRS. M. (*turning him towards her*). I presume you won't allow me to be treated with inattention?

MAJOR (*with pretended surprise again*). What! has any one presumed—

MRS. P. (*aside to him*). But what's the matter with your wife? She seems out of temper.

MAJOR. Yes, because Joseph didn't attend to her summons at once. When you require him he knows better than to do that.

MRS. M. (*aside to him*). Your mother appears annoyed at something or other?

MAJOR. No wonder—Joseph didn't answer her bell. He knows better than to keep you waiting! (*aside*) What a humming I am!

MRS. P. By the bye, Jeremiah, I have ordered dinner an hour later to day.

MRS. M. Indeed! and for what reason pray?

MRS. P. Because it suits me.

MAJOR. Oh, of course, my dear Georgiana, if it suits her—

MRS. M. But it doesn't suit me. I expect Mr. Simcox, the jeweller, early this evening, and cannot dine later than five.

MAJOR. Oh, of course, my dear mother, if she expects Mr. Simcox—

MRS. P. It's too late now—the dinner will be served at six o'clock.

MRS. M. I won't give way—it will be on the table at five.

MRS. P. Six!

MRS. M. Five!

MAJOR. There they are again—hard at it—hammer and tongs.

Enter JOSEPH, running in, C.

JOSEPH. Please, ma'am, please, sir, here's Miss Fanny, just driven up in a cab from the station!

MRS. P. Fanny!

MAJOR. What brought her back?

[*Exit JOSEPH, C.*

FANNY (*heard speaking off, C.*). Gently, my good man, with that box—my best hat's in it. Such a beauty too! (*runs in C.: she is in a light summer travelling costume*) Here I am! How astonished you all look. Ha, ha, ha! (*running to Mrs. MAJOR*) Dear Georgiana! so glad to see you once again. (*kissing her—nodding to MAJOR*) How do, brother Jeremiah? and you, dear mamma? (*about to kiss Mrs. P.*)

MRS. P. (*stiffly*). I was not aware, miss, that it was usual for a well-educated young lady to address her sister-in-law before her mother!

FANNY. Did I? So sorry, mamma. I really didn't see you at first.

MAJOR (*aside*). I'm sure she's big enough!

FANNY (*holding up her face to Mrs. P.*). Well, mamma, won't you kiss me? (*slyly*) You know you're punishing yourself as well as me.

Mrs. P. Who can resist the dear child? (*kissing FANNY*) But we thought your visit to your Cheltenham friends was intended to last another week.

FANNY. So it was, but they were obliged to return to town, so they brought me with them, put my luggage into a cab at the station, me on the top—I mean my luggage on the top—and here I am.

Enter JOSEPH, L.

JOSEPH. Luncheon is on the table, sir.

Mrs. P. Very well, Joseph. (*aside to MAJOR*) Don't forget what I said about the dinner. [*Exit JOSEPH, L.*]

MAJOR (*aside to her*). All right—six o'clock, sharp!

Mrs. M. (*aside to MAJOR*). Remember what I decided about the dinner hour.

MAJOR (*aside to her*). All right—five o'clock, sharp! (*aside*) Between the two the chances are I sha'n't get any dinner at all.

[*Exit Mrs. P. and MAJOR, R.*]

FANNY. I'm so glad we're alone at last, Georgiana; we can have a nice long chat together; and I've such a lot to tell you.

Mrs. M. Well, I'm all attention. But first, how did you enjoy your trip to Cheltenham?

FANNY. Not much. I found it rather slow. Nothing but a collection of bilious-looking old fogies being wheeled about in Bath chairs. But never mind that; I've something else to talk about.

Mrs. M. (*smiling*). Something very serious, no doubt.

FANNY. Awfully serious! Listen. At the very first ball I went to at the Assembly Rooms—

Mrs. M. A very brilliant affair, of course.

FANNY. Really, Georgiana, if you keep on interrupting me in this sort of way—

Mrs. M. I beg your pardon! Well?

FANNY. Well, at my first ball I danced with a gentleman once or twice—perhaps three or four times.

Mrs. M. (*smiling*). Young, of course.

FANNY. Rather.

Mrs. M. Handsome?

FANNY. (*very quickly*). Very. Well, judge of my surprise when, the very next morning, as I was sitting in the drawing-room, the door opened and the servant announced "Captain Boodle"!

Mrs. M. (*smiling*). The "young gentleman"?

FANNY. Yes.

Mrs. M. Perhaps you had given him your address?

FANNY (*indignantly*). Not I indeed! He didn't ask for it, or perhaps I might. Well, the next morning he called again, and the following morning, and the morning after that—in short, every morning—and as I was always in the drawing-room, of course quite by accident—

Mrs. M. You naturally became quite intimate—familiar and chatty.

FANNY. He didn't—I did all the chatting part! Never did I see any one so timid, so bashful, as Boodle. When he did try to say something there he'd stand stammering and stuttering and blushing like a school-girl. But although his tongue didn't say much, his eyes did.

Mrs. M. (*smiling*). And they said, "I love you"?

FANNY. Distinctly. Well, I thought to myself, it's not a bit of use going on like this. It's quite evident the poor man worships the very ground I tread upon. So when he called next day, and I told him, in tremulous accents, of course, that I was going away, the effect was magical. First he turned pale, then red, then blue: then he let his hat fall, then his umbrella, then himself—on both his knees, at both my feet, and there I believe he would have remained till further notice, if I hadn't said to him, "Augustus"—his name is Augustus—"I won't pretend to misunderstand you. You love me! I am yours!"

MRS. M. What! Such an act of thoughtlessness—of indiscretion, on your part?

FANNY. Perhaps it was, but I know this, it quite cured him of his timidity: for when he once did begin, I never heard anybody's tongue rattle on at such a rate as his did—never!

MRS. M. And the result, I presume, was—

FANNY. That we both, then and there, exchanged vows of constancy, and locks of hair!—his hair is rather red, by the by. But I see mamma coming!

MRS. M. Then I'll retire. Seeing us closeted together would only arouse her ridiculous jealousy.

FANNY. And I'll see if I can't find an opportunity to slip in a word about Augustus. In the meantime you'll keep my secret?

MRS. M. Religiously! for your sake. (*going up.*)

FANNY. And Boodle's.

MRS. M. (*turning and smiling*). And Boodle's.

[*Exit, c.*]

Enter MRS. PELICAN, R.

MRS. P. Oh, here you are, Fanny!

FANNY. Yes, mamma, and quite alone.

MRS. P. *Now!* But you were not alone.

FANNY. No, dear Georgiana was with me.

MRS. P. And "dear Georgiana," no doubt, lost no opportunity of prejudicing you against your mother!

FANNY (*reproachfully*). Oh, mamma!

MRS. P. But fortunately you will not long be exposed to her pernicious influence.

FANNY. Oh, mamma!

MRS. P. Bring a chair and sit down by me.

FANNY (*sitting down by* MRS. PELICAN'S *side—aside*). I wonder what's coming.

MRS. P. I have something serious to say to you, Fanny.

FANNY. So have I to you, mamma—very serious.

MRS. P. Indeed! In the meantime, as I happen to be your mother, and you, consequently, happen to be my daughter, perhaps you'll allow me to begin first?

FANNY. Certainly.

MRS. P. Then listen. Although you are still very young—

FANNY. Nineteen next birthday, mamma.

MRS. P. Don't interrupt me! Although you are still young, I have been reflecting a good deal lately on that all important subject, your future settlement in life.

FANNY (*quickly*). So have I, mamma! (*aside*) I shall be able to get in a word presently about Augustus.

MRS. P. In other words, don't you consider it high time you thought of matrimony?

FANNY (*very quickly*). I do, mamma! I'm always thinking of it!

MRS. P. But of course it isn't likely you can have any one in your eye yet.

FANNY. I beg your pardon--I have!

MRS. P. (*severely*). What's that you say?

FANNY. That is—I mean—of course I haven't! (*aside*) It won't do to say anything about Augustus yet: I must keep him in the dark.

MRS. P. Then you have no positive antipathy to the married state?

FANNY (*very quickly*). I should think not, indeed!

MRS. P. (*severely*). My dear! I'm really surprised to hear a well-educated young lady express herself in such—I might almost say indelicate terms. But to return: I need not say I would not encourage any candidate for your hand who was not worthy of you.

FANNY. Of course not, mamma! He must be worthy of such a treasure.

MRS. P. Tolerably young and not absolutely ill-looking.

FANNY (*eagerly*). Certainly not! (*aside*) I call Augustus decidedly good-looking.

MRS. P. And in possession of ample means.

FANNY (*aside*). Augustus has got ever so much already, besides two rich maiden aunts and an aged godmother!

MRS. P. All of which qualifications are, fortunately, in the possession of Sir Marmaduke Mangle!

FANNY. Sir Marmaduke Mangle! Lor, mamma, you can't mean that little old man we met at Brighton, with a bad cough, a wig, and a canary-colored complexion?

MRS. P. He's not old by any means, and is only slightly canary-colored after all. However, he has seen you, he admires you, and offers you his hand, his heart, his title, and his fortune!

FANNY. But I don't love him, mamma! I never could love him, even if I didn't love somebody else!

MRS. P. (*starting*). What's that I hear? You love somebody else?

FANNY. Yes, and one who loves me, and one I'm determined to marry or die an old maid. There!

MRS. P. (*angrily*). Silence, miss!

FANNY (*impatently*). I won't silence! If you think Sir Marmaduke such a very great catch, marry him yourself. I'll consent to it, and give you away into the bargain! It's quite evident you never were in love.

MRS. P. I beg your pardon, I was, intensely, with a youthful doctor. (*aside*) Poor Vicessimus! (*giving a long sigh*) Ah! Nevertheless, I married your father—and we were not so very unhappy, considering. (*to FANNY, who is about to speak*) Not another word! My mind is made up, so the sooner you make up yours to become Lady Mangle the better.

Enter MRS. MAJOR and MAJOR, C., followed by JOSEPH.

MRS. M. Nothing so simple, Joseph. Tell Mary to put up a bed for Miss Fanny in her mamma's room.

MRS. P. (*sharply*). What's that! Put up a bed in my room?

MRS. M. Yes; why not?

MRS. P. Because I won't allow it.

MAJOR (*aside*). There they are at it again!

FANNY. But why can't I have my own snug little room?

MRS. M. The fact is, I've made a work-room of it for myself; besides, Fanny's proper place is with her mother.

MRS. P. Quite out of the question. The slightest noise disturbs my sleep.

FANNY. But I sleep so very quietly, mamma—you'd scarcely hear me breathe; I don't, and as for snoring—

MRS. P. I won't hear another word!

MAJOR. But, hang it, Fanny must sleep somewhere. She requires a horizontal position as much as other people.

MRS. P. Then let her find one—but not in my room.

MRS. M. I insist on my wishes being carried out.

FANNY (*aside to MAJOR*). Oh, brother Jeremiah, if I was only in your place for just five minutes!

MAJOR (*aside*). She's quite right. I'm master here after all, confound it! If I'm not, I ought to be; and if I ought to be, I will be, confound it! (*aloud, and assuming an authoritative manner*) My patience is exhausted! Anarchy has presided too long over my domestic hearth.

FANNY (*aside to him*). Confound it!

MAJOR. Confound it!

MRS. P. { (*together*). Quite true.

MRS. M. {

MAJOR. And henceforth I'm determined to be master of my own house. (FANNY *whispers him*) Confound it! But there must be a mistress as well.

MRS. P. { (*together*). Of course! Well, (*anxiously*) decide between

MRS. M. { us.

MAJOR. That's what I'm going to do. (*aside*) It's really very awkward. My mother screams loudest, but my wife screams longest; besides, I only hear my mother in the day, whereas my wife—

MRS. P. (*to MAJOR*). Well, which of the two is to be mistress here?

MRS. M. Yes, which of the two?

MAJOR (*after a violent effort*). My wife! There, I've said it. (FANNY *whispers him*) Confound it!

MRS. P. Ah! (*screaming and falling into a chair*.)

MRS. M. Come, Major, and as your reward you shall hear me issue my orders in such a style. (*Exit, L., hurrying MAJOR with her, and calling as she goes out*) Joseph! Mary! Sophia!

MRS. P. (*suddenly starting up from her chair*). So! she—she's to be everybody, and I'm to be nobody—a cypher, a nonentity! Was there ever such ingratitude? I, who left my own home to live with them, without even waiting to be asked, to give them the benefit of my experience, to take upon myself the entire control of their domestic affairs—may, even to carry my maternal affection so far as not to allow either of them to interfere in anything whatever!

FANNY (*aside*). Poor dear mamma! She doesn't see that's the very reason why everything went wrong.

MRS. P. But I'll forget them, I'll renounce them, I'll cast them off. I'll abandon them to their unhappy fate; and when you're comfortably married, dear, I'll come and live with you. (*throwing her arms round FANNY, who tries to speak*) No thanks—I see you are literally bursting with gratitude; but I am rewarded already; I feel it here—here! (*striking her breast, then flings her arms round FANNY again and hurries out R.*)

FANNY. Marcy on us! here's a pretty piece of business! Live with me when I'm married! Poor Augustus! he little suspects what a rod there is in pickle for him. It's all Jeremiah's fault, and it's poor little I who am punished.

DOCTOR (*without*). In the parlor, is she?—very well.

FANNY. Surely that's Doctor Prettywell's voice!

Enter DOCTOR, c.

DOCTOR. Ah! my dear young friend, delighted to see you.

FANNY. Not more than I am to see you, doctor.

DOCTOR. But let me look at you. How we've grown! I declare we're quite a young woman!

FANNY. Yes, doctor.

DOCTOR. And a pretty one too!

FANNY. Yes, doctor.

DOCTOR (*looking intently at FANNY*). She's the very image of her mother, as she was thirty years ago: the same soft blue eyes, before she took to spectacles; the same fairy form, before it filled out; the same alabaster brow, before the wrinkles set in!

FANNY (*aside*). How earnestly he looks at me! I hope I haven't fascinated him as well as Sir Marmaduke. (*suddenly*) Goodness me! what if he should be the "youthful doctor" mamma was speaking about! (*Doctor looks at her again and gives a loud sigh*) What a sigh! It must be he. He may still have some lingering affection for her—the flame may not be quite burnt out: there may be a tiny spark left which a little gentle blowing may rekindle into a blaze. It isn't very likely; still I may as well try what a little blowing may do.

DOCTOR. Well, now that your education is completed, and you've come home brimful of accomplishments, of course you'll go into society, and, like other young ladies, pick up a husband?

FANNY (*with affected indifference*). A husband? Not I, indeed! I've never even thought of such a thing! (*aside*) I had no idea I could fib so well! (*aloud*) No, doctor, I've too much regard for my own tranquillity, my own peace of mind.

DOCTOR. Hoity toit! Who's been putting such nonsense into your head?

FANNY. Why, you yourself never ventured on matrimony.

DOCTOR. No; because I—I—heigho! (*giving a loud sigh*.)

FANNY (*aside and smiling*). The "tiny spark" is gradually getting into a blaze! I did quite right in trying the effect of a little "blowing." (*aloud*) Besides, I have come to the conclusion, from considerable personal experience, that the male sex in general—I mean, taken in a lump—is no better than I should be.

DOCTOR (*laughing*). Indeed!

FANNY. I'm sorry to say they're a false, fickle, perfidious lot! They gain a poor confiding woman's heart only to trifle with it and trample on it. Poor dear mamma! I am no longer surprised at your little fits of temper, at your discontent with everything and everybody—now that I know the sad circumstances that blighted your youth and cast a gloom over your after-life! (*with affected pathos*.)

DOCTOR (*aside*). What do I hear? (*aloud and anxiously*) Has your mother then revealed—?

FANNY. No; but she might just as well, because I was sure to find it out.

DOCTOR. Find what out?

FANNY. A lot of things. Ah, doctor, if you had only heard her sigh as I have!

DOCTOR. Sigh?

FANNY. Yes, but that's not all. Poor mamma! You'd hardly believe

the number of pearly drops I've seen fall from her poor eyes into her teacup.

DOCTOR. Pearly drops?

FANNY. But that's not all. (*in a very mysterious manner*) I once heard her, when she little thought I was listening, say in faltering accents, "Ah! if he had really loved me, would he not have declared his passion when I became a widow?"

DOCTOR. Did she? (*aside*) She loves me still! Dear Cleopatra!

FANNY. Who can she mean? I should like to know. Perhaps, doctor, you'll help me to find out; but here she comes. (*looking toward c.* DOCTOR *gives a violent start*) Why, what's the matter?

DOCTOR. Nothing; only a sort of a kind of a—of a—I scarcely know whether I am standing on my head or my heels.

FANNY. Your head, of course.

DOCTOR. I thought so.

MRS. P. (*heard without*). Joseph! Joseph!

DOCTOR (*aside*). I can't meet her yet. The agitation—the trepidation—the perturbation—the——

FANNY. Perhaps you'd better retire, doctor—(*aside*) or else he'll be flopping down on his knees to mamma before I've prepared her for the shock.

Enter MRS. PELICAN, R., *followed by* JOSEPH.

MRS. P. Joseph, inform your master that I shall dine in my own apartment. (JOSEPH *bows and goes out* R. DOCTOR *meets* MRS. PELICAN *as she comes down, looks tenderly at her, clasps his hands and gives a deep sigh; then hurries up, stops again at c., turns, gives her another tender look, another deep sigh, and hurries out at c.*)

MRS. P. (*watching* DOCTOR *in astonishment*). Why, what's the matter with the man?

FANNY (*aside*). It's your turn now, mamma. You wanted to get a husband for me; so as one good turn deserves another, I'll see if I can't find one for you.

MRS. P. (*aside*). I must find out who this "girlish fancy" of her's is. (*aside*) Come here, Fanny. Of course your happiness is all I desire.

FANNY. And it's all I desire too, mamma.

MRS. P. Then leave confidence in your mother—your only mother. Tell me the name of the young man who has won your affections.

FANNY. You asked me if I had any one in my eye, and I said I had, but I didn't tell you he was a young man. The fact is, mamma, I've been so often told that I am so giddy, so thoughtless, so flighty, that if I selected some one of maturer years he would give me the benefit of his experience—his advice—his——

MRS. P. Maturer years?

FANNY. Yes. Besides, he has known me so long—ever since I was a tiny little mite. He used to dandle me on his knee, and buy me dolls, and toys, and sweeties, and hardbake, and alecampane, and all that sort of thing.

MRS. P. (*aside*). Known her for years! (*suddenly*) Mercy on us! Can she be alluding to Vicesimus?

FANNY. But, dear ma, that which attracted me more than all was the respectful, I may say the affectionate, terms in which he always speaks of you.

MRS. P. Does he? (*aside*) Poor fluttering heart, be still! Dear Vicesimus! He hasn't, then, quite forgot his Cleopatra! (*aloud*) But is Dr. Prettywell, for it surely must be he to whom your remarks apply——

FANNY. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. P. (*aside*). I thought so. (*aloud*) Is he aware of your somewhat foolish partiality?

FANNY. I think so. He'll tell you why. Whenever he used to call, and we happened to be sitting side by side—I mean you and I mamma—I noticed he always kept his eyes fixed on us, and it always made me blush so.

Mrs. P. (*aside*). Poor simple child! She flatters herself that it was on her that Vicessimus's enamored glances were riveted.

FANNY. And don't you recollect the last time he took us to the theatre, how attentive, how polite, he was to you?

Mrs. P. Yes; I remember he brought me three oranges and an ounce of acidulated drops into our box.

FANNY. And if you only had heard him just now, when I told him how shamefully you had been treated here. "What!" he exclaimed, turning quite red in the face and tearing out his hair in handfuls—"What! Dare to offer such an affront to so good, so amiable, so excellent a woman—a woman born to command, born to be beloved!"

Mrs. P. Did he?

Enter JOSEPH, R.

JOSEPH. Please ma'am, Doctor Prettywell wishes to know if you are disengaged?

Mrs. P. I'll come to him. (*exit JOSEPH, R.*) How shall I meet him?—how conceal my feelings? Once more, poor little fluttering heart, be still! (*aside and looking at FANNY*) Poor Fanny! I shall be sorry to cut her out; but constancy like Vicessimus's deserves and shall have its reward! [*Exit, R.*]

FANNY. There! I flatter myself I've managed that rather cleverly. I've given tranquillity to Jeremiah, happiness to Georgiana, I've got mamma a husband, and—but stop a bit. Who's to get one for me? Oh, dear, dear! I haven't half done yet.

Enter Mrs. MAJOR, very hurriedly, c.

Mrs. M. Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?

FANNY. Georgiana dear, what's the matter?

Mrs. M. Oh, Fanny, such an event! I quite forgot to tell you that a person—I can't call him a gentleman—has been following me about everywhere in the most persevering, the most audacious manner, for the last month!

FANNY. What a contrast to Augustus!

Mrs. M. And at last he has actually had the effrontery to write to me. A groom just now called with a letter, and was in the act of giving it to Mary, with strict injunctions to deliver it to me, and to me only, when my husband suddenly appeared and snatched the letter out of his hand.

FANNY (*aside*). Something more for me to do! I shall never get my work done here.

Mrs. M. He must have read the letter by this time. Oh! what, what will he think of me? But here he comes—and what a dreadful temper he looks in!

Enter MAJOR, hurriedly, c., looking very wild and agitated, a letter in his hand. He comes forward.

MAJOR (*folding his arms and assuming a very tragic attitude*). So,

madam!—I repeat, So, madam!—you may well tremble at the sight of your hitherto too confiding but now indignant husband.

MRS. M. But, Jeremiah dear—

MAJOR. Don't "Jeremiah dear" me! Are you aware, unhappy woman, that I might give you in charge to the police? No—I don't mean that—that I might insist on a separation? or call your ignoble accomplice out and shoot him?—which I would do, if I were sure he wouldn't shoot me! But no—I prefer to expose, to unmask you?

Enter MRS. PELICAN, hastily, c., followed by DOCTOR.

MRS. P. What is all this disturbance about? What has happened?

MAJOR. You've arrived just in time. I only wish the entire universe were assembled in this breakfast-room to hear me.

MRS. M. (*shrugging her shoulders*), Pshaw! they could only laugh at your absurd suspicions.

MAJOR. Suspicious! Come, I like that, when I have the proofs—you hear, madam?—the proofs of your misconduct! This letter, madam—this letter! (*producing letter and flourishing it*.)

MRS. P. A letter?

MAJOR. Yes. Listen and shudder! (*taking letter out of envelope, which he lets fall on stage, then reading in an impressive tone*) "Star of my life, idol of my heart." That's pretty good to begin with. (*reading again*) "Ever since the God of Love first presented you to my enraptured orbs"—(*aside*) What does the fellow mean by "orbs"?—(*reading again*) I have loved you"—point of admiration. Here it is: there's no mistake about the point of admiration. (*showing letter to Mrs. P. and Doctor*) But that's not all. (*reading again*) "In order to bask in your divine presence, I am prepared to sweep every obstacle from my path." There's a sanguinary ruffian! Of course I'm one of the obstacles to be swept away.

MRS. P. And how is the letter signed?

MAJOR. There is no signature.

FANNY (*aside*). That's fortunate. (*picking up the envelope unseen, and putting it in her pocket*.)

MAJOR (*to Mrs. MAJOR*). Now, madam, what have you to say?

MRS. M. Simply this, that I am more than ever indignant at your preposterous and odious suspicions.

FANNY (*suddenly confronting MAJOR*). So am I. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jeremiah! and so ought you, mamma, and so ought everybody. And what's more, I'm determined that poor dear innocent Georgiana shall be no longer unjustly accused.

MRS. P. { (*together*). What's that?

MAJOR. {

FANNY. I daresay I shall be scolded, but I'm used to that—in fact, I rather like it; and after all it was sure to be found out sooner or later. In a word, that letter—

MRS. P. Well?

FANNY. Was intended for me!

MRS. M. (*aside to her*). Fanny!

FANNY (*aside to her*). Hush! I'm engaged in a little business of my own now.

MRS. P. For you?

FANNY. Yes; although I particularly told *him* not to write to me.

MRS. P. Told him! Told who?

FANNY. Augustus.

MRS. P. Who's Augustus?

FANNY. My Augustus, of course!

MRS. M. I can confirm Fanny's words, having been in possession of the whole particulars for the last hour.

MAJOR. Have you? Then perhaps you can furnish us with Augustus's other name, (*satirically*) if he's got one.

MRS. M. Certainly—Noodle.

FANNY (*very quickly*). No—Boodle.

DOCTOR. Augustus Boodle? Let me see. Of course! I first met him at Cheltenham.

FANNY. So did I!

DOCTOR. He was only a lad then, and was going into the army—to distinguish himself, as he said.

FANNY. I can't say whether he distinguished himself, but I know that he very soon distinguished me.

DOCTOR. The Boodies of Gloucestershire. There's not a more respected family in the county. Come, my dear Mrs. Pelican, if you'll take my advice, you'll not hesitate in accepting Augustus Noodle—I mean Boodle—for a son-in-law.

MRS. M. Well, I'll think the matter over, and then perhaps I may say yes.

FANNY (*coaxingly*). Suppose you say "yes" first, and think the matter over afterwards?

MRS. P. (*ironically*). But, Fanny, what about a certain party of "maturer years," on whose experience you proposed to rely?

FANNY. Let me ask you, mamma, would it have been dutiful in a daughter to deprive her mother of the object of her early affection?

MAJOR. What's that? "Early affection"—"object"?

MRS. P. Yes; there stands the object. (*pointing to Doctor*) In a word, I have been induced to accept the hand of Doctor Prettywell, from his many amiable qualities and (*aside to Doctor*) his constancy. (*holding her hand out to him*) Here, Vicessimus!

DOCTOR (*taking her hand and kissing it*). Thanks, Cleopatra!

MAJOR (*very timidly to Mrs. Major*). Georgiana, can you forgive your Jeremiah? I don't know how I look, but you've no idea how small I feel.

MRS. M. This once I do; but remember, this once only. (*giving her hand to him*) There.

MAJOR. Then in spite of all petty domestic discords, everybody is happy at last.

FANNY. Which only proves the truth of the old adage, that "After a Storm Comes a Calm."

CURTAIN.

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| | M. | F. | | M. |
|---|----|----|--|----|
| 75. Adrienne, drama, 2 acts..... | 7 | 3 | 222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act.... | 3 |
| 231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts..... | 6 | 3 | 248. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts | 8 |
| 308. All on Account of a Bracelet, comedietta, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act..... | 2 |
| 114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act | 3 | 3 | 152. Cupid's Eye Glass, comedy, 1 act.. | 1 |
| 167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts.... | 7 | 3 | 52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act..... | 3 |
| 93. Arca Belle, farce, 1 act..... | 3 | 2 | 148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act | 2 |
| 89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act. | 3 | 3 | 113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts | 10 |
| 358. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts | 6 | 3 | 20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts..... | 8 |
| 287. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act..... | 4 | 1 | 286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts..... | 10 |
| 55. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act. | 6 | 2 | 4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act... 4 | |
| 10. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a. | 6 | 2 | 22. David Garrick, comedy, 3 acts..... | 8 |
| 41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act | 4 |
| 241. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts..... | 9 | 3 | 96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act.. | 4 |
| 223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts.... | 6 |
| 57. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act.. | 7 | 3 | 58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts.... | 7 |
| 66. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts | 7 | 5 | 125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act..... | 5 |
| 179. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts... 14 | 2 | 2 | 71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts... 5 | |
| 396. Black and White, drama, 3 acts.... | 6 | 3 | 142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts.. | 9 |
| 160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts..... 11 | 6 | 6 | 204. Drawing Room Car(A).comedy, 1 act | 2 |
| 179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts.. | 5 | 2 | 21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts..... | 6 |
| 25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta... 4 | 8 | 8 | 260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts | 6 |
| 70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act..... | 3 | 1 | 210. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.15 | |
| 261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts..... | 11 | 6 | 263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts... 13 | |
| 226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 | 186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts.. | 6 |
| 24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 2 | 242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act..... | 4 |
| 199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act..... | 6 | 2 | 47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act..... | 6 |
| 1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts..... | 5 | 3 | 283. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical burlesque, 1 act..... | 8 |
| 75. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts.11 | 5 | 5 | 202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts.... | 11 |
| 55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts | 12 | 5 | 315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act..... | 1 |
| 62. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.... | 4 | 1 | 297. English Gentleman (An), comedy-drama, 4 acts | 7 |
| 80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act..... | 4 | 3 | 200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act | 2 |
| 65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts..... | 6 | 5 | 135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts | 6 |
| 68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a. | 9 | 3 | 230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts.. | 5 |
| 119. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts..... | 5 | 2 | 163. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts | 9 |
| 76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act.. | 3 | 2 | 9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act | 4 |
| 85. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act | 1 | 1 | 128. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts.... | 11 |
| 49. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts..... | 8 | 7 | 101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts..... | 11 |
| 21. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act..... | 3 | 1 | 99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts..... | 10 |
| | | | 262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts | 13 |
| | | | 145. First Love, comedy, 1 act..... | 4 |
| | | | 102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts..... | 2 |
| | | | 88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act..... | 6 |

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

| | M. F. | | M. F. |
|--|-------|--|-------|
| 69. Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts | 5 3 | 109. Locked in, comedietta, 1 act..... | 1 1 |
| 70. Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a. | 3 1 | 85. Locked in with a Lady, sketch..... | 1 1 |
| 71. Carrick Fever, farce, 1 act..... | 7 4 | 87. Locked Out, comic scene..... | 1 1 |
| 53. G. Rude's Money Box, farce, 1 act. | 4 2 | 143. Lodgers and Dodgers, farce, 1 act.. | 4 3 |
| 73. Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11 | 4 4 | 212. London Assurance, comedy, 5 acts..10 | 3 3 |
| 30. Goss with the Golden Eggs, farce, | | 291. M. P., comedy, 4 acts..... | 7 2 |
| 1 act..... | 5 3 | 210. Mabel's Manœuvre, interlude, 1 act | 1 3 |
| 131. Go to Putney, farce, 1 act..... | 4 3 | 163. Marcorotti, drama, 3 acts..... | 10 3 |
| 276. Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a. | 5 1 | 154. Maria and Magdalena, play, 4 acts.. | 8 6 |
| 306. Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts.. | 8 5 | 63. Marriage at any Price, farce, 1 act.. | 5 3 |
| 277. Granshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, | | 249. Marriage a Lottery, comedy, 2 acts. | 3 4 |
| farce, 1 act..... | 4 2 | 208. Married Bachelors, comedietta, 1a. | 3 2 |
| 203. He's Apparent (The), farce, 1 act... | 5 1 | 39. Master Jones' Birthday, farce, 1 act | 4 2 |
| 241. Hardy Andy, drama, 2 acts..... | 10 3 | 7. Maud's Peril, drama, 4 acts..... | 5 3 |
| 28. Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act..... | 1 1 | 49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act..... | 8 3 |
| 151. Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act..... | 2 2 | 15. Milky White, drama, 2 acts..... | 4 3 |
| 8. Henry DuBar, drama, 4 acts..... | 10 3 | 46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts..... | 5 2 |
| 180. Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts..38 | 5 5 | 51. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act..... | 3 2 |
| 03. He's Only Faint, comedietta, 1 act.. | 2 2 | 302. Model Pair (A), comedy, 1 act..... | 2 2 |
| 19. He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act..... | 3 2 | 184. Money, comedy, 5 acts..... | 17 3 |
| 30. Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts..... | 5 5 | 250. More Blunders than One, farce, 1a. | 4 4 |
| 91. Hig-a-G, comedietta, 1 act..... | 3 3 | 312. More Sinned against than Sinning, | |
| 46. High Life Below Stars, farce, 2 acts. | 9 5 | original Irish drama, 4 acts..... | 11 1 |
| 301. Hikko, romantic drama, 6 acts..... | 12 7 | 234. Mr. King Cal. (A), comedietta, 1 act. | 1 1 |
| 124. His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts..... | 5 3 | 108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act..... | 3 1 |
| 187. His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act..... | 5 1 | 188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act..... | 3 3 |
| 174. Home, comedy, 3 acts..... | 4 3 | 169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act..... | 1 1 |
| 211. Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1. | 2 2 | 216. My Neighbor's Wife, farce, 1 act... | 3 3 |
| 64. Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.... | 1 1 | 236. My Turn Next, farce, 1 act..... | 4 3 |
| 190. Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act.. | 4 1 | 193. My Talking Photograph, musical | |
| 197. Hunch Back (The), play, 5 acts..... | 13 2 | duality, 1 act..... | 1 1 |
| 225. I am on Parle Français, farce, 1 act.. | 3 4 | 267. My Wife's Bonnet, farce, 1 act.... | 3 4 |
| 52. Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts... | 6 1 | 130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act..... | 3 1 |
| 18. If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1 | 5 3 | 92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act..... | 2 2 |
| 116. I'm not Meslit at all, Irish stew, 1a | 3 2 | 218. Naval Engagements, farce, 2 acts... | 4 4 |
| 29. In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act..... | 2 3 | 140. Never Peckon your Chickens, etc., | |
| 59. In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act.. | 4 2 | farce, 1 act..... | 3 4 |
| 278. Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts.. | 8 2 | 115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 | 8 3 |
| 182. Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act... | 9 3 | 2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts..... | 18 3 |
| 273. Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts.. | 6 3 | 57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts..... | 4 4 |
| 43. Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act..... | 8 3 | 104. No Name, drama, 5 acts..... | 7 5 |
| 71. Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act..... | 9 3 | 112. Not a bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.... | 3 3 |
| 24. Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act..... | 5 2 | 298. Not if I Know it, farce, 1 act..... | 4 4 |
| 70. Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act..... | 5 1 | 185. Not so bad as we Seem, play, 5 acts..13 | 3 3 |
| 54. Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts... | 7 1 | 84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts..... | 10 1 |
| 122. Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts..... | 11 4 | 117. Not such a Fool as he Looks, drama, | |
| 177. I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1 | 4 1 | 3 acts..... | 5 4 |
| 100. Jack Long, drama, 2 acts..... | 9 2 | 171. Nothing like Paree, farce, 1 act.... | 3 1 |
| 299. Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts..... | 26 6 | 14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts... | 13 6 |
| 139. Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... | 3 3 | 300. Notre Dame, drama, 3 acts..... | 11 8 |
| 17. Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts... | 6 4 | 269. Object of Interest (An), farce, 1 act. | 4 3 |
| 333. Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act.. | 2 3 | 268. Obstinate Family (The), farce, 1 act. | 2 3 |
| 309. Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts | 7 2 | 173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.... | 3 3 |
| 86. Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts..... | 12 5 | 227. Omnibus (The), farce, 1 act..... | 5 4 |
| 137. L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts..... | 11 5 | 176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.. | 1 2 |
| 72. Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act..... | 4 2 | 214. One Too Many, farce, 1 act..... | 4 2 |
| 114. Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts | 12 3 | 2. One Too Many for Him, farce, 1 act | 2 3 |
| 34. Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.. | 2 2 | 3. £100,000, comedy, 5 acts..... | 8 1 |
| 189. Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act... | 1 1 | 80. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act..... | 2 2 |
| 53. Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act | 5 3 | 170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act..... | 4 4 |
| 111. L. ar (The), comedy, 2 acts..... | 7 2 | 289. On the Jury, drama, 4 acts..... | 5 5 |
| 119. Life Chase, drama, 5 acts..... | 14 5 | 97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act | 3 3 |
| 239. Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act... | 5 2 | 66. Orange Girl, drama, 4 acts..... | 18 3 |
| 48. Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act. | 2 4 | 209. Othello, tragedy, 5 acts..... | 16 1 |
| 32. Little Rebel, farce, 1 act..... | 4 3 | 172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts..... | 1 1 |
| 164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts..... | 6 6 | 91. Our Clerks, farce, 1 act..... | 1 1 |
| 295. Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts..... | 8 8 | 45. Our Domestic, comedy-farce, 3 acts | 6 6 |
| 165. Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act... | 3 2 | 155. Our Heroes, military play, 5 acts..24 | 5 5 |
| 228. Loan of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1. | 4 1 | 178. Out at Sea, drama, 5 acts..... | 17 5 |

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.—Continued.

| | M. | F. | | M. | F. |
|--|----|----|---|----|----|
| 33. Jealous Husband, sketch..... | 2 | 1 | 81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | |
| 34. Julius the Sneezer, burlesque, 3 sc. | 6 | 1 | 82. Rival Tenants, sketch..... | 4 | |
| 103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene..... | 1 | 1 | 135. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio- pian farce, 1 scene..... | 6 | 1 |
| 1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch..... | 3 | 1 | 15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act..... | 2 | 1 |
| 36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | 1 | 59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 5 | 1 |
| 18. Live Lajun, sketch, 4 scenes..... | 4 | 1 | 21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 3 |
| 60. Lost Will, sketch..... | 4 | | 89. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 6 | |
| 37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 2 | 84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes..... | 7 | |
| 90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene..... | 3 | | 38. Seaside Twins, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 5 | |
| 109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes..... | 4 | | 74. Sheep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 3 | |
| 19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | | 46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | 1 |
| 149. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene..... | 3 | 1 | 69. Squire for a Day, sketch..... | 5 | 1 |
| 151. Mucky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene..... | 5 | | 56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc. | 2 | 1 |
| 96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene..... | 6 | 1 | 72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene..... | 1 | 2 |
| 147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | 2 | 13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc. | 6 | |
| 129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen- tricity, 2 scenes..... | 4 | 5 | 16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene..... | 5 | |
| 101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene..... | 1 | 1 | 7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | |
| 117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act..... | 4 | | 121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene..... | 2 | |
| 44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | | 47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc. | 2 | |
| 8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 4 | | 54. Taken Papers, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc. | 6 | 1 | 100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | |
| 132. Noble Savage, Eth'n sketch, 1 sc..... | 4 | | 102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes..... | 3 | 1 |
| 145. No Pay No Cure, Eth'n sketch, 1 sc. | 5 | | 34. Three Strungs to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | 1 |
| 22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 | 122. Ticket Taker, Eth'n farce, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch..... | 7 | 1 | 2. Tricks, sketch..... | 5 | 2 |
| 125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio..... | 4 | 1 | 104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene..... | 5 | |
| 30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch..... | 7 | | 5. Two Black Roses, sketch..... | 4 | 1 |
| 114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 7 | 1 | 28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc..... | 3 | 1 |
| 76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene..... | 7 | | 134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | 1 |
| 91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene..... | 5 | | 62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | 1 |
| 87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 | 32. Wake up, William Henry sketch..... | 3 | |
| 135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 5 | 1 | 39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | |
| 92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene..... | 4 | 1 | 75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene..... | 7 | 1 |
| 9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene..... | 7 | | 93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene..... | 7 | 1 |
| 57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc..... | 6 | | 29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | 1 |
| 65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..... | 6 | 1 | 97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene..... | 4 | |
| 66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch..... | 2 | 1 | 137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene..... | 2 | 1 |
| 15. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene..... | 2 | 3 | 143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio- pian sketch, 1 scene..... | 4 | 1 |
| 14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act..... | 5 | | 99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes..... | 2 | 2 |
| 35. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc..... | 3 | 1 | 85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene..... | 3 | |
| 45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc. | 6 | | 116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene..... | 5 | |
| 55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc..... | 3 | | | | |

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